

March 7th. '96

My Dear One,

This is Saturday night and I am very sleepy. I have been so happy all day at the thought of coming home to you so soon - You must get your little visit in, to Aunt Jo's before Easter. Tomorrow morning, I think I shall go to St. Bartholomew's Church and in the afternoon shall go to Miss Candall's - but will find time to have our Sunday night Chat ^{bring by Sunshine}

Sunday Night
March 8th. 1896

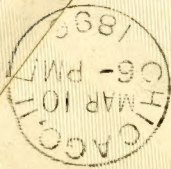
My Dear Chris,

Went to St. Bartholomew's Church this morning, did not particularly enjoy it, and this afternoon went to the Randalls and then jumped in upon Mrs. Van just about 6 o'clock. I could only stay a few minutes, so we talked a Blue Book and then she walked a few blocks with me to where I took the car. We always enjoy each other so much, - even for a few minutes. Tonight I am all alone. Have been reading lately - "The Gates ajar" by Elizabeth Stewart Phelps - It is a most beautiful and touching little ^{go} book - We had an awfully long chapter to read last night but a most helpful and beautiful passage. We shall soon be through the Psalms. The 2nd of March finishes them, suppose we take the Gospel of John, one chapter a night, after the Psalms gives out. Let me know if this plan pleases.

you. I have had no letter from you since Friday night 60 hours is a long time not to hear your dear voice; but, tomorrow morning will bring Thursday & Friday's letters. I wrote to Jack & Carrie Kester this afternoon, neither of whom have written me since I left home. What of Harold? The naughty boy does not write me.

Now that duty really calls me home, I am so satisfied for it to be so, for we shall have an occasional day during the beautiful spring months to drive through the fairy forests and enjoy the spring together as we have never done before.

Goodnight - Your loving Grace



66



SG 11

Dear Mr. [illegible]

[illegible signature]

[illegible signature]

From G.E.H.
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New York City.